

holes in the upholstery —  
they all stare at me with  
my hair growing long

in the breeze as i  
walk down speedway  
in the sun shine

#### BUTTER-SCOTCH

yesterday i sat in front of the  
television watching bad movies;  
sucking on butter-scotch candies  
that my love left for me;

last night i thought of her at work;  
ice on the roads; i drank too  
much and worried about this human  
that i have taken to love.

when she got home i held her  
close, everything was okay we  
shut the door and put out the  
light; made love and held each  
other silently — this is what  
should be; what we all need and

the taste of butter-scotch was  
only a faint memory.

#### LAST NIGHT

at the grocery store i watched  
a woman pick up one  
grapefruit after  
another;

squeezing each one;  
nodding to herself;  
putting it back and  
picking up another

she had a plant; four  
green bananas and a  
bottle of salad  
dressing in her  
cart

when i wheeled into the  
checkout line (sans grapefruit)



she was several people  
in front of me; putting  
her items on the  
checkout counter:

a plant;  
four green bananas;  
a bottle of salad dressing  
and two well squeezed grapefruits  
that i assumed had passed the test.

there are many things that  
i do not understand.

this is just one of them.

LARRY

there for a while i was working for  
a fifty-year-old alcoholic;  
selling books and records at  
a place called the mad hatter.

larry had this old volvo and  
when he'd get a bit drunk he'd  
want to go driving around town.

he was always saying:

this is a REAL CAR!  
this isn't no piece of SHIT!  
this car can stop on a DIME!

and he'd whip it up to  
fifty or so and slam  
on the brakes

SEE? this car has BRAKES!  
it stops like a car OUGHT TO!

well, one day he whipped it  
on up and when he slammed on  
the brake nothing happened.

when we finally stopped i  
said; ok, that's it, let  
me out, i'm walking.

larry looked at me and said,  
john, don't worry, i know what's  
wrong and i can fix it.